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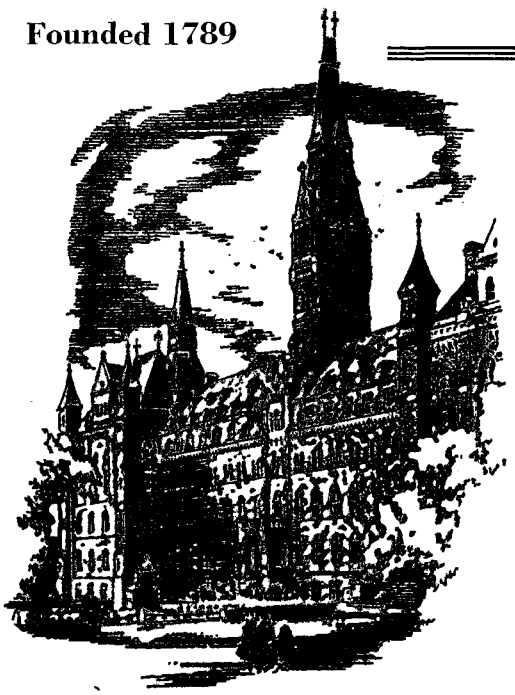

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THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

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Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn. by the Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685.

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U. S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 25¢

Printed at the Wilson H. Lee Co., Orange, Conn.

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

CHANGES IN FOREIGN AID

THE FOREIGN AID program is in difficulty, at least in the form in which President Eisenhower has submitted it to Congress. This fact is obvious from the nature of the criticism currently being directed at it, for the growing barrage of complaint is coming primarily not from foreign aid's long-time enemies but from those who would normally be ranked among its friends and supporters. Because this is so, substantial changes in the measure under consideration are almost inevitable.

What is now lumped together under the term "foreign aid" includes both military assistance programs and straight economic assistance for underdeveloped countries. It is relatively easy to get too much of the first, very hard to get enough of the second. In the President's budget, for example, more than sixty per cent of the funds requested for foreign aid is actually for military spending overseas.

For the last decade, United States policy has encouraged free nations to maintain strong military defenses against Communist aggression. Where a nation was economically unable to raise and support such defenses, U.S. officials have considered it in the national interest to give them military assistance, accompanied by "defense support" funds to make up for the fact that the nation was maintaining a military force beyond its own economic capacities.

Such spending is clearly part of the U.S. military effort required by the Soviet threat. It is not what people think of as "foreign aid," but a national defense expenditure. It should be judged as such.

Viewed in this light, certain aspects of the military and defense support provisions of foreign aid have been coming in for increasingly serious criticism. In some cases, it is charged, military aid has been extended almost automatically, without sufficient thought for its effect on the nation's own economy or internal freedom and on its relations with peaceful, non-Communist neighbors. Military aid to Batista's Cuba is cited as an example of the first failing and arms to Pakistan of the second. On this score, mistakes have clearly been made.

EVEN ON a purely practical basis, nations which have not yet achieved at least a certain level of economic development and political maturity do not, in a military sense, make reliable allies. In such cases, economic, cultural and political development rather than military assistance should be our first goal. But Congress itself is at least partially to blame for our errors on this score.

Most Congressmen have obviously been convinced that a vote for military spending overseas is politically safer with their local constituents than a vote for straight economic aid. Thus support for expenditures for armaments has been far easier to get than approval of less expensive economic development programs for underdeveloped areas.

Perhaps the current debate in Washington will change Congressional perspectives on this point. Certainly the criticism of the military aspects of our overseas program by men like Senators Fulbright and Mansfield should carry considerable weight. It would be disastrous, however, if criticisms of some aspects of United States spending overseas were allowed to obscure the basic merits of the program, including the need for military assistance and large-scale economic aid on behalf of the world's underdeveloped countries.

As the debate over foreign aid in Congress continues, criticism of spending overseas will undoubtedly grow hotter and hotter. If Congressional efforts are directed only to shifting some of our national emphasis from military to economic aid, the effect

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may be helpful. But the danger, of course, is that those who denounce the entire concept of military and economic assistance overseas as "globaloney" or "money down a rathole" may be able to use current dissatisfaction as a means to cripple the entire program. This must not be allowed to happen.

The decision to supply arms to Cuba or Pakistan may not have been wise, but the basic idea of military assistance and defense support to NATO countries and to beleaguered areas like Formosa and free Viet Nam is a good one. It should not be crippled. And for the underdeveloped countries of Asia, Africa, and the Middle East and Latin America, economic aid is imperative. Involving as it does only a small fraction of our national income, such spending is at once a positive move in the national interest and an expression of our moral responsibility as a member of the world community of nations. Both the military and economic aspects of foreign aid should be subject to careful scrutiny. Behind such evaluation, however, should be the idea of strengthening this indispensable program, not destroying it.

GOVERNOR FAUBUS AND LITTLE ROCK

WHAT RECENTLY happened to Orval Faubus in Little Rock may, hopefully, be a token of further changes in the present school crisis. Little Rock is not the only town that has been forced into headlines since the Supreme Court ruling on desegregation in the schools, nor is Governor Orval Faubus of Arkansas the most important figure in the conflicts that have arisen. But as the aggressive opponent of what he terms "forced integration," the Governor has become an acclaimed, highly articulate spokesman for adamant segregationists in the South. And Little Rock, of course, is known around the world for the scenes which occurred when Negro students were admitted to school under martial protection. Beyond the importance which attaches to any particular action of the Governor or to any single decision regarding the schools of Little Rock, there are, therefore, those larger effects which will reverberate throughout the South. These effects will be felt by all Southerners, by "radical" integrationists, moderates and militant segregationists.

Only in the context of the events of the last two years, it is clear, can one measure the significance of Governor Faubus' setback by the people of Little Rock. The events which led to this particular loss began last December when the Governor attacked members of the Little Rock school board as integrationists because they were willing, against their desires, to accept token integration. When further elections were held the new school board was divided, and an administration bill to give the deciding vote to Governor Faubus was turned back by the state legislature. Faced with a bitter impasse, the three moderate members of the school board resigned. Given a free hand, the segregationists used it with vigor. Forty-four teachers were promptly fired because, apparently, their views on segregation were not approved.

This purge proved to be too much for some townspeople of Little Rock. They campaigned to vote out of office the three segregationists and to replace them with moderates. After a bitter struggle against them by the Little Rock segregationists, who were supported by the Governor's television appearance, the moderates won.

The vote was close, the action of the school board is still uncertain, and Little Rock is but a small part of a state in which the Governor remains extremely popular. Nevertheless it represents a defeat for Mr. Faubus and a victory for the moderates. The Governor may still be able to impose his will in many areas and to win support by actively and openly opposing desegregation in the schools. But to maintain his popularity he needs the backing of strong segregationists. Yet these unyielding, aggressive segregationists can again prove too extreme for the more sensible members of a community. The Governor is not likely to be defeated at the ballot box soon, and the segregationists will continue to oppose all changes, but the moderates have found a voice and have proved their effectiveness. It is not likely that the significance of their victory will be lost upon the South.

CHRISTIANS IN CHINA

SO FREQUENTLY has the House Committee on Un-American Activities held hearings and so frequently to little effect that almost any single hearing has a good chance of getting lost. But the report which was presented to the Committee by five Asian religious leaders deserves a better fate. These religious leaders confirmed previous reports and rumors that the Communist governments of China and North Korea were striving to destroy Christianity wherever they could. The weapons are those with which the modern world has grown sickeningly familiar—mass murder and torture.

Religious doctrines and beliefs are put in a

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political context by the Communist "teachers" and given a political interpretation. Jesus is described as a carpenter who was killed because he attempted to lead a "counter-revolution," and Christianity as a means of selling Chinese people into slavery. When Chinese Christians do not "recant" their errors and "confess," they are subjected to torture. If this fails to achieve the desired results, they are killed. These persecutions demand attention not because they are different from others but because they are so much the same. Christianity will probably always have its martyrs. In our time they will most often be found in countries controlled by Communism which, despite kindly professions, must always attempt to crush religion.

SEPARATE AND NOT EQUAL

THE AFRIKANERS' term or slogan, *apartheid,* has a harsh sound about it that is wholly appropriate. Separation of the races in the Union of South Africa is the official policy with a vengeance. Doubtless it is inspired by genuine fears on the part of a dominant white minority which finds itself outnumbered nearly four to one. And there are reasons for greater fear in an awakened Africa determined to throw off colonial shackles and to strike out on its own. (The white minority owns seven-eighths of the land and controls business, government, education etc., etc.) It hardly helps matters when the native leaders sense that a certain racial antipathy often aggravates the South African white men's fears.

In recent weeks Prime Minister Verwoerd has been putting through new legislation that takes the present situation throughout Africa into some account. Verbally, the accent in the new act is on the idea of development for the Bantus, with a vague possibility that some day they will have eight small states of their own. But whatever program there is for development in the tribal reserves, its basis is clearly separate development, a further stage in *apartheid*. Moreover, the sums envisaged by the Union government for Bantu development are plainly inadequate to the task.

At the same time the program involves even further disabilities for the natives. The seven white members of the Parliament of two hundred and fifty charged with safeguarding the rights of the Bantu tribes have been relieved of this responsibility. And as Bantu educational institutions are to be set up, the University of Cape Town and Witwatersrand University are no longer to be allowed to admit non-whites. Concurrently the deposed chief, Albert John Luthuli, a Congregationalist and head of the African Nationalist Congress, has been confined to his home for five years and banned from attending public meetings. Chief Luthuli is a moderate and a leading advocate of a non-violent approach to liberation. He was among the 156 arrested on charges of treason in December 1956 for open opposition to *apartheid,* but no case could be made against him.

The shortsightedness of the South African policy of repression and impenetrable walls is evident. Instead of calming passions it inflames them. It will heighten the resentment of the defenseless African majority against their lot as well as against their subjugators. The millions of natives not living in the tribal reserves will be even worse off than before, deprived now of legal rights and political representation.

In any case, the lands reserved for the Bantus boast no mineral resources or port facilities and very little in the way of railway tracks. They were assigned primarily as dwelling areas for the unskilled workers who man South Africa's highly productive mines and industries. They contain little that is susceptible of any real economic development. Inevitably the new program will be greeted by the natives as an attempt to impose even more rigid *apartheid* at a time when it will be most deeply resented—not only in the Union itself but throughout the African Continent, where the reactions against intensified separation and repression will in turn act as a further spur to Bantu nationalism.

ASSAULTS ON FOLKLORE

IT IS NO JOKE to the hard-hit New Jersey poultry industry, confronted by a collapse of the egg market, but it does seem that there is a new answer to the ancient riddle about the chicken and the egg. A comparatively new phenomenon with the formidable name of "vertical integration" has intervened. It was neither the chicken nor the egg that came first but a feed company intent on setting up a series of regular outlets for a product. The farmer involved in this process operates his local "egg factory" on contract. The company periodically supplies him with the costly feed and takes his egg production at a fixed price—with bonuses for efficiency. To revert to another ancient saw, apparently it sometimes pays to put the cart before the horse.

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SPRING AND THE SOVIETS

IF WE DIDN'T know better, we might react with great hopefulness and joy to some of the recent reports on changing conditions in the U.S.S.R. At the Third Congress of the Union of Soviet Writers, held in Moscow not long ago, Premier Nikita Khrushchev startled the world, and the Soviet Writers perhaps not least, by urging tolerance and sympathy even for the "revisionists" in their midst. While he did not refer to Boris Pasternak by name, Premier Khrushchev's words seemed clearly to pave the way for a "rehabilitation" of the author of *Doctor Zhivago*. One author specifically mentioned by the Soviet leader was Vladimir Dudintzev, whose novel *Not by Bread Alone* caused a bitter storm in the Soviet Union a few years ago, and Mr. Khrushchev declared that this writer was nevertheless not to be considered "an enemy of the Soviet system."

Subsequent to this, one of the U.S.S.R.'s foremost writers, Ilya Ehrenburg, produced a series of essays which contained some remarkable statements on the role of the writer in the Soviet world. Basing his remarks on a study of Anton Chekhov, Mr. Ehrenburg composed a "Soviet writer's credo" which emphasized love of country but also called for a willingness to criticize. Chekhov, Mr. Ehrenburg said, knew that "illness is not cured by hushing it up." Furthermore, he wrote, Chekhov "clearly understood the unity of world culture," and said in his notebook: "There is no national science just as there is no national table of multiplication—if it is national it is not science."

Still another cheering note on the Soviet outlook today may be found in the report from Moscow recently published by ex-Governor of New York W. Averell Harriman. In an article written for the North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc., Mr. Harriman recorded his impression that in the U.S.S.R. peace is "a national preoccupation." Quite apart from official pronouncements, which he was prepared to discount, the one-time ambassador to Moscow found an urgent desire for peace expressed by Russians in every walk of life. Moreover, declared Mr. Harriman, the entire atmosphere in Moscow is marked by openness, cordiality, pride in Soviet achievements in the years since the war and an eagerness to get on with the work of peace.

It would be foolish to dismiss all this evidence as meaningless, and we do not. Yet if recent years have taught us anything they should have taught us to be wary of analysis and prediction in all matters Russian and/or Communist. Signs of departures from past Communist rigidity are to be welcomed, and it may be hoped that even tiny seeds of freedom will grow to transform the Soviet system. But there can be little real expectation that such a process is going on. Modifications of the Communist Party line in one direction, as we have seen even in the past few years, may be reversed with dismaying ease to modifications in the other direction.

Likewise, the basic good will and desire for peace of the Russian people are conditions to be glad of, and perhaps conditions which might be helpful in the mitigation of present East-West tensions. But the feelings of the Russian people, especially so far as they can be gauged by a foreign observer, are not a decisive factor in the aims and decisions of Soviet leaders. The same basic good will, on our part toward the Russian people, and the same fervent desire for peace, may be found in the United States and other of the Western nations, and yet we know that our opposition to the Communist tyrants brings us all under the shadow of the bombs.

These reports from behind the Iron Curtain contain good news, it seems, and they should be duly noted and appreciated. But the West has been burned too many times before. This time, let us defer our celebrating.

SO WHERE'S CHARLEY?

CONSIDER the list of earth's space-pioneers: first, sure of her niche in history, the Russian dog Laika, first earth creature to penetrate the mysteries of space; next, at least according to Soviet claims, two anonymous dogs who survived a rocket trip 281 miles straight up from the U.S.S.R. and down again; after them, the American heroes Able and Baker—a rhesus and a squirrel monkey, respectively—who successfully completed a 1700-mile rocket journey, reaching an altitude of 300 miles and a speed of 10,000 miles per hour. The next creatures to win a place in the gallery of trail-blazers will be, if all goes well at Cape Canaveral, a team of mice (names unavailable to date).

The first humans to crash this select assembly, regardless of whether they are Americans or Russian, will be undeniably pretty far down on the list —and it seems a pleasant irony that this should be so. The figure of *homo sapiens*, reaching for the stars but yet bringing up the rear in a troop of assorted animals and rodents, would make a not unfitting monument for the Age of Science now before us.

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Ideology and Politics

With the two-party system, the range of possible choices and policies becomes restricted, and deviation from the middle of the road is discouraged

by THOMAS MOLNAR

A FEW YEARS ago Mr. Samuel Lubell, writing about the American voter's ideological apathy, concluded that our political life at mid-century is characterized by "the revolt of the moderates." This development is no surprise, he said, because in American politics "class conflict has been more a war of movement within a mobile social structure than one of trench attrition between rigidly unchanging social halves." If today urban masses challenge the status quo, it is in order to gain acceptance into our "essentially middle-class society."

Three reasons can be found for the ideological moderation, often ideological indifference, of the American voter. First is the psychological fact that, for the immigrant, Americanization took precedence over the achievement of a higher social status. This does not mean that he did not press his economic claims, but—and this is the second reason—that social and economic discontent did not accumulate to the breaking point as it did preceding the revolutions of Europe. And third, the progressive character of the American society, its readiness for change and improvement, has its roots not only in the material wealth and the continental dimensions of the domestic market, but in those free associations which multiply the contact between people and government beyond the mere casting of the ballot.

It is evident that these three factors are not chapters of past history, but that, in a modified form, they are at work in our society today. This was demonstrated in 1952 and 1956 when Mr. Lubell's "moderates" lined up behind President Eisenhower, as they may line up in 1960 behind Governor Rockefeller. In the eyes of the voters these men represent not exactly moderation, which is a politically meaningless term, but, rather, the synthesis of voter-aspirations, an attractive package made up of past achievements and reasonable hopes.

It is only natural that under these circumstances the range of possible choices and policies becomes restricted and that any deviation from the well-paved "middle of the road" is discouraged. For the average voter this may be an ideal situation, and it may remain so until a serious depression or some catastrophic international event comes to upset prosperity and equilibrium. The main thing for him is the possibility of shuttling between the two parties, to turn to the Democrats when disappointed with the Republicans, and vice-versa. This is why the two parties are forced to copy each other's successful platforms and techniques; while shouting nasty words across the fence, they either tend to approach a common ideal which has the voters' favor, or else one adopts a "me too" attitude when the other rides the wave of popularity.

THESE CONSIDERATIONS give rise to a question: is the function of a political party purely that of representing various interests; in other words, is the party only a deliverer of promised goods? Or is it also a guide, a teacher, like some other institutions—only in the political order? The answer to this question—one of the fundamental questions of democracy and, beyond it, of political philosophy—cannot be purely theoretical; it will vary from one nation to another, and must be given only after a careful examination of tradition, history, the public philosophy and the interplay of partial interests.

In the European democracy the political party has been a guide because it represented rather sharply outlined class interests, and each such interest had to assert itself not only on the socio-economic, but also on the cultural, confessional and philosophical level. A European political party must serve the voter—or at

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least it did in the past—as a social, economic, cultural, and religious entity.

It is different with our parties in the United States. In Mr. Lubell's words, "our class lines are fairly fluid —barriers to be hurdled, not unscalable walls." And, from his *The Future of American Politics:* "Our class struggle, if it can be called that, arises not from the impoverishment of the masses but from their progress . . . Even the most downtrodden elements have been able to climb."

With this latter statement even C. Wright Mills would, I think, agree, although he tries to deflate the myth that America is one big happy family. But, in fact, his "power elite" would be unable to remain so clandestine if what he calls the bottom of society and the "middling units of power" were not basically satisfied with their position—and their illusions. Professor Galbraith, in his turn, supports the view that since ours is an affluent society, it is rich enough to take on the relatively light burden of providing for the poor groups on the fringes and for a more permanent, although fluid, group of unemployed.

With the exception of issues such as desegregation and foreign policy, the American voter does not usually demand of his party more than economic satisfaction. He has faith that through intermediate bodies and free associations he will be able to look after his other interests, from the education of his children to his own enlightenment about international problems.

BUT THIS view of political realities is only adequate when the government itself does not have the enormous power it has today, when the States and the private, voluntary associations are a counterbalancing influence, a cushion between the government and the individual. Can the citizen ignore the fact that the government has become immensely powerful, influencing his public, semi-public, and private life directly and through its agencies? Can he be indifferent to the real views, principles, and philosophy of the party he votes for, when tomorrow that party will be in government and have power over many of his actions?

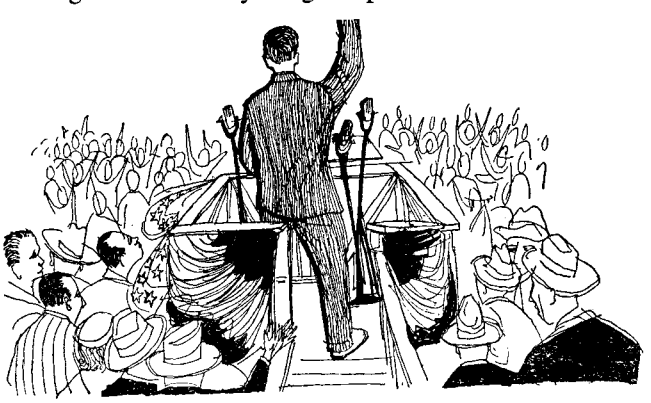
If the political party is used merely as a pressure group for economic gains, if it is not obliged to explain its philosophy, its principles, its image of man and society, the voter becomes increasingly confused and his de-politization reaches dangerous proportions. This is especially dangerous in an era in which power relationships are changing and real power often and easily hides behind psychological manipulation. If the party attains power without the obligation to account for how it is used, then the individual will lose power without realizing it, and so will the associations he voluntarily forms and joins. Historically these associations were excellent substitutes for government action in domains where the latter did not penetrate; today, with the ubiquitous presence of government, they tend to become façades behind which the public is lulled by a semblance of action into a state of passivity by participation.

"The more variegated the public to which the party must appeal for support," wrote C. Wright Mills in *White Collar,* "the more empty of decisive, antagonistic content its program will be. It blunts the issues it reflects, attenuates the desires it serves. In its fear of alarming anyone, it talks while managing to say nothing."

This fact, together with the gradual neutralization and conformism of our private associations, may dehydrate the American voter's political consciousness. The complete de-politization of the voter leads to a contempt for public matters and for politicians, although in the back of this contempt there always remains a desire to understand the nature of politics. In his search for the meaning of his actions as a citizen in a democracy, a meaning he cannot find, the citizen begins to believe either that politics is something basically corrupt (the game of those who have the inner track, near the flesh-pot), or that it is (or ought to be) *moral* (the conflict of abstract principles, of good and evil).

At the present time the public confusion is less evident in regard to domestic matters, where a great number of test cases and local issues bring home to people the reality and the nature of politics, than in affairs of foreign policy. Here the ideological unpreparedness of the public, its oscillation between cynicism and moralism, finally its lack of insight into the nature of power, indicate a danger point. I consider one of these danger points the fact that, by and large, the public and the politicians do not understand Communist ideology and its international political implications.

IT WOULD BE an error to assume that our two parties are completely devoid of ideology. The trouble is, rather, that the events, the public, and their own timid pragmatism push them towards the same positions until they become interchangeable. This accounts for the frequently voiced alarm, first, that an ideological monotony might spread over the whole



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nation, and second, that this triumphant ideology might become doctrinally intolerant and quasi-totalitarian in its techniques.

Such fears, I think, lie at the heart of criticisms by men like Senator Goldwater, who warned Republicans not to try to "catch up" with the Democrats on every issue, but to formulate and solve these issues according to their own, and different, principles. In a more radical vein, Mr. Bozell expressed similar views when, after last fall's elections, he called for "a new coalition of conservatives: from the Republican, Democrat, and independent camps, if not under the banner of a new party, at least around a third candidate."

Whether a third party or a third candidate would have any success in the foreseeable future is, here, beside the point; it is evident that the search for such a solution is actively pursued. But it would be a mistake to identify Senator Goldwater, Mr. Bozell, or, for that matter, the editors of *National Review,* with some "angry young men" of American politics, frustrated and envious of the Democrats on the inner track.

We may now ask what would happen if the two parties of our system became more polarized, if we were to have a very liberal party and a very conservative party. Debating this problem, a friend suggested to me that such a polarization might bring out the worst elements in both parties, leaving the independent-minded voter with no place to go, with no political shelter. Furthermore, it might also result in the formation of splinter groups expressing the in-between viewpoints; such a fragmentation of our political system might even make it extremely difficult for the government to govern.

The problem, or rather this chain of problems, is a very real one. The question itself implies that such a polarization would bring to the party headquarters the intellectuals on both sides. For them, of course, this is a tantalizing prospect. The Republicans, for instance, might look to the conservative philosophers for guidance, and the Democrats to Mr. Reuther and the Committee for Political Education of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.

During his appearances at Harvard, Yale and other universities, it is true, Mr. Reuther always emphasizes that American labor wishes to get along with both parties. "A Labor party," he said in a lecture in 1954, "would deviate our political system towards the narrow class structure which is the basis of the European political parties." And one may indeed well believe that Mr. Reuther and the other leaders of American labor have no desire to form a third party which, by its very name, might antagonize the public and remind it of class struggles on the old continent. Yet one can easily imagine that if there is a temptation for both Labor and the Democratic party, it is to enter into a close partnership.

Labor has every reason to widen its framework so as to acquire respectability in the eyes of unorganized categories of white-collar workers. The Democrats might also benefit by committing themselves to the "progressive" forces of the American scene. This alignment would counterbalance the existence in their midst of conservative Southerners, and it might ingratiate them with Big Business, which seems to get along well with Big Labor.

If "labor" is the name of the Democrats' temptation, some form of "McCarthyism" is the temptation for the Republicans. Under what form a new "McCarthyism" would manifest itself, however, is hard to tell, for one does not quite see what "softer" form exists which could satisfy the conservative philosophers and the Republican voters at the same time. A "return to principles" as the condition of the Republican party's restoration sounds vacuous, but a more concrete application of these principles, like the right-to-work proposal, may again result in a catastrophic defeat.

THE QUESTION concerning an eventual ideological polarization of our parties is, thus, an academic one. For one thing, the Democrats alone possess a working ideology, however fluid and unformulated: only of them may one speak about a certain degree of ideological polarization. For another thing, even in Europe—in England, Sweden, Germany, and France—ideologies no longer command the allegiance and no longer elicit the enthusiasm they used to.

Today, in Europe and in the United States, the voter realizes that economic progress demands political stability, and this in turn is incompatible with ideological conflicts. To achieve domestic peace in which the economy may prosper, the return of the voter forces the parties to put a brake on their earlier political dynamism and to concretize their program and vocabulary—at least in the economic realm.

This is, I think, the situation. Whether such an evolution of the politico-economic realities and institutions is altogether beneficial is another question. One wonders, for example, about the possible connection between the fading political consciousness of youth and the phenomenon of juvenile delinquency. As Santayana said, the political animal in us cannot be contented with artificial forms of gregariousness; and today we face the danger of mistaking prosperity-bred togetherness for genuine consensus.

Ideologies, however emotion-laden, succeeded in articulating the needs and desires of large numbers of people; they also showed the indissoluble relationship between material conditions, intellectual concepts, moral climate and spiritual drives. No matter how destructive our ideological commitments proved to be at times, they sharpened our wits, demanded our efforts, fed our enthusiasms. They were no substitute for religion, but they pointed, at least, to an ideal.

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PACIFIC DIALECTIC

AT THE END of April the San Francisco *Chronicle* ran a three-part feature article about suicide. The city's known suicide rate is "two times greater than the California average and three times the national rate." Each year two hundred people are known to take their own lives, and experts believe that for each case known, there are two or three which are not known. "Once every eight hours someone in San Francisco tries to kill himself." Manhattan, with twice the population, records fifty fewer suicides a year. The beautiful Golden Gate Bridge is the national center for self-destruction. Since its opening, in 1937, 188 persons have leaped to death from its high and graceful arch. Suicide is the eighth most common cause of death in San Francisco.

No one knows why. There is tremendous pride in their city among San Franciscans. To most, this ultimate rejection is incomprehensible. Among all the speculations of the experts, the one which fits best the local patriotism is the theory that burdened people, when they discover that even in San Francisco they cannot overcome their tragedies, simply give up.

Such numbers are not all the sudden victims of organic diseases. There must be emotional and intellectual, spiritual and social causes at work, but statisticians and social scientists are unable to discover an enlightening pattern in the self-destruction. It is an exceedingly private violence. In history, since classical times, philosophic and ethical cults have motivated men, in particular circumstances, to take their own lives. It is impossible not to feel a certain grandeur and peculiar, almost esthetic attraction in the ritual suicides of famous Roman Stoics and German Junkers and Japanese Samurai. But these contemporary suicides seem only sadness and pathos, with no illusory code providing a cloak of sterner human meaning. This death is negative.

Still, there are the Beat writers in San Francisco, and the Beat artists and drinkers and listeners to jazz in the famous North Beach Bohemia and all the way "on the road" to the East Coast. They would seem too young to have much morbid connection with suicide. The Beat have too much exuberance, too hungry an interest in experimenting with experience, too naive a delight in fashions and fads, too much wonder at themselves—one would at least suppose—to link them seriously with this abandonment. Still, is there, perhaps, a content to the Beat philosophy more serious and symptomatic for the community than "square" critics are willing to admit?

On a higher plane than this, well above the comprehension of most of us, what are the existentialists telling about "metaphysical anguish" and their ungovernable "shudder" at the pressing idea of non-being? These suicides mount up in our generation. The random, inarticulate, individual quality of the tragedies cannot disconnect them from either the serious thought or the popular fashion of our cities. Reading the report, it was hard to avoid a discouraging sense of failure about that famous Western way of life.

Then, within a week of the *Chronicle's* review of the city's suicide rate, San Francisco, and the whole country, were given an act of most extraordinarily direct contradiction. Exposed in the waters and on the ocean beach a mile outside the threatening beauty of the Golden Gate, a young man died a good death, affirming the roots of life, and a young woman threw her life to the most terrifying dangers of the cold sea to assert the value of life beyond living. In every report, and the local papers were almost disturbingly full of them, Shirley O'Neill, who swam through the blood-streaked waters to rescue the mangled and dying Albert Kogler from the primitive terror of a killing, man-eating shark, is a heroine. So conditioned to the world as we inevitably are, such perfection in public report must make our hopes quaver, insecure, until there is a superabundance of testimony. But there has been nothing but stronger structure and firmer foundation for this human and religious drama which caught up the community and refocused the public eye.

The bravery was so great and so straight in the grand tradition that it would fit well in *Beowulf,* and without hesitation the city nominated the girl, by vote of its Board of Supervisors, for award of the Carnegie Medal. It was not only the courage: in addition, and perhaps more so, the serene solidity of the character of Shirley O'Neill, revealed in all the man-eating publicity of the press, almost awed a hardened news reader. Forced upon us was the double assurance: something strong and remarkable is still possible under the sun; and even now, in the cities of gray modern problems, unobserved in the avenues and classrooms, a young man and young woman can be formed by, and may possess calmly and very firmly, the great traditions and deepest faith of our civilization. In word and action, Shirley O'Neill has presented to the city, with uncompromising and unself-conscious directness, her Christianity. The picture of her embracing and attractive piety, and the quotations of her simple but mature and meaningful orthodoxy have given newspapers a rare and thoughtful quality. For the time, they are purged, as it were, of the despair which it is their grim duty to reflect so often from the lives and deaths of too many of us.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

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Learning to distinguish
between the man and the myth

D. H. Lawrence Today

by MARVIN MAGALANER

NO RECENT literary artist, with the exception of James Joyce perhaps, has occasioned as much critical and biographical interest as D. H. Lawrence. And not alone from the bastions of scholarship! Lawrence's personal odyssey, like Byron's, has fired the imagination of the layman at the same time as his fictional works have attracted readers to a concern for the strange genius who wrote them. Predictably, the result has been a plethora of books for which Lawrence has been responsible. His own stories and novels are enjoying new popularity in lurid paperback form. His travel and literary essays are again in print. Diana Trilling has published Lawrence's *Selected Letters,* while his distinguished biographer, Harry T. Moore, has received a grant from the American Council of Learned Societies to bring together all Lawrence's letters in a definitive, multi-volumed edition, since even Huxley's enormous collection contains only a small fraction of the letters now available.

Books on Lawrence are appearing in provocative clusters. Moore's *The Intelligent Heart* several years ago was followed by the critical studies of F. R. Leavis and Mark Spilka. In England this year Richard Rees published *Brave Men: A Study of D. H. Lawrence and Simone Weil.* Robert Hillyer's unfriendly memoir of the novelist is still fresh. Southern Illinois University Press is now preparing for publication a *D. H. Lawrence Miscellany* to accommodate the best of shorter critical and biographical pieces on Lawrence, intending also during 1959 to sponsor a Joyce and Lawrence Festival on its campus. Most important of all are two publishing events of the past few months: the appearance of the unexpurgated and hitherto *verboten* version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and the issuance of the third and final volume of Edward Nehl's *D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography.*

Nehl's edition is a fascinating attempt to present Lawrence through primary documents almost exclusively, editorial intervention being kept to an absolute minimum. Except for attribution of sources, a glossary identifying the people who talk or are talked about in the biography, and essential notes, the book is simply a record: letters of Lawrence, letters to Lawrence, eyewitness accounts of events in the novelist's life—sometimes as seen by three or four people, each in a different and conflicting way.

There are recommendations of Lawrence as a primary school teacher, written by his supervisors and pointing out his virtues and defects as a young teacher. There are statements by Frieda, the woman with whom he eloped to the Continent, and by her husband and children as well. Included too are the "when-I-knew-Lawrence" testimonies of such luminaries as Katherine Mansfield, Aldous Huxley, John Middleton Murry, and Bertrand Russell.

What the three volumes do, as Anthony West has pointed out in *The New Yorker,* is to diminish the stature of the man and demolish the myth of personal magnificence which the earlier spate of biographical outpourings had perpetuated for a generation. When time erases for the reader the necessarily fragmented manner in which disparate items of information must be presented in such a book, the impression which remains is of a tortured human being—not a god or a messiah —but a human being of extraordinary literary gifts and creative intensity seeking his appropriate place in a world he most assuredly never made and which he tried very hard to change. That he failed to find it is a compliment, perhaps, to his uncompromising individuality and the distinctiveness of his gifts.

THE FIASCO over *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* which was to occupy his practical attention and his disturbed thoughts for the last years of his life, is further evidence of his inability to come to terms with the obtuseness of the middle class which, as Joyce puts it in "A Painful Case," entrusts "its morality to policemen and its fine arts to impresarios." The measure of his distance from the literary status quo is that only in 1959 was a further attempt made seriously to publish the allegedly obscene novel. That Lawrence's direct approach to sex may still be too powerful—even in a country which encourages the insidious dirt of books like *Peyton Place*—seems probable. Recent legal moves make it possible that the novel may continue to be banned and barred from distribution in the mails; and

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that even the respected book club which now offers it may be prosecuted on the grounds that an advertising circular which offers obscenity for sale is itself obscene. The difference this time is that Lawrence as a living personality will not be directly involved, so that charges of war spying, marriage to a German, subversive activity and the like will not color the issue. Now too the weight of Judge Woolsey's decision in the *Ulysses* case may be a salutary precedent in the definition of literary obscenity.

But the reception of Lawrence's work is basically not a legal matter. The climate of opinion regarding his status has altered markedly in the past few years. Interestingly, as his personal reputation has suffered deservedly with the publication of impeccable evidences of pettiness, testiness, brutality, and worse on his part, the value assigned to many of his fictional works has risen.

Among the forces responsible for this re-evaluation are two which under ordinary circumstances would have seemed to be in conflict. On the one hand, those who had formerly held Lawrence to be, like Byron, a careless, thoughtless, romantic, off-hand writer discovered that he was no such thing. Through the researches and the intelligent interpretations of his work by such critics as Gerald Hough (in *The Dark Sun)* they could now follow Lawrence's intricately contrived patterns of images and symbols in *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love,* for instance, and could place him in the tradition of modern symbolic fiction. On the other hand, the large group of readers and critics who feel that literature (and the audience) is stifled by exercises in contrived patterning, in works like *Ulysses, The Magic Mountain,* or *The Waste Land,* have taken Lawrence's stories and novels to their hearts as direct and emotionally honest works of fiction. More than that, this group welcomes Lawrence's fiction for its alleged eschewing of art for art's sake—for taking a political, sociological, economic, and even a religious stand.

In devoting an entire book to Lawrence as a novelist, F. R. Leavis is primarily concerned, therefore, to show "the depth, range, and subtlety in the presentment of human experience" which establish Lawrence's place "as one of the major novelists of the English tradition," the culmination of a line which begins with Jane Austen. Thus Lawrence is in the peculiarly fortunate position—if popularity is a desirable state—of being at the same time the darling of opposing critical schools, and for diametrically opposite reasons.

I HAVE DEALT so far with Lawrence's reputation on the contemporary scene. The number of books which discuss him is an indication of his enigmatic hold on the minds of modern readers. Yet the newest adult generation, the college students who read his novels, seem less than fully satisfied with what he has to say to them. Two exceptions must be noted: *The Man Who Died,* which never fails to impress and delight, and *Sons and Lovers,* whose terrible truth is especially poignant to students who are at that point in their lives seeking to come to terms with parents and the greater world beyond. What lies between his first major novel and his last, however, seems somehow to fall short.

Maybe it is that the younger generation has become wary of utopias and even of the reform instinct which promises them. Lawrence's projected colony in Florida —Rananim—has become the Miami Beach of jaded garment center employers. The messianic impulse has given us Hitler and Huey Long. After the almost unrelieved misery of *The Rainbow,* it is difficult for them to swallow the silver lining with which it ends or to consider seriously the kind of earthly paradise from which strontium 90 would be excluded.

Furthermore, in his insistence on the primacy, or at least the overriding importance of delicately balanced sexual relationships between man and woman as a prerequisite to a satisfactory human progress, he is now in a strange position. While ignoring the somewhat far-fetched details of Lawrence's prescription for the well-rounded life, modern psychology has removed much of the mystery and the guilt which his words were intended to dispel. His exaggeration of the paraphernalia of sex, therefore, justified when he resorted to it as a counterattack on excessive reticence, strikes today's reader as slightly hysterical—even obsessive. Lawrence and those who agreed with his point of view on sex have succeeded so well, indeed, that many pages of his books have fallen victim to the salutary results of his own reforming zeal. Tense mention of "the loins" at every opportunity and reiteration of the sexual "swoon" bring only smiles to today's sophisticated, emancipated readers.

This is not to say that Lawrence has been consigned to the limbo of quaintness along with Chesterton and Firbank. Far from it. What lives is Lawrence as a teller of vital stories, as a painter of English life and of the cyclical progress of an English family. Just as George Eliot's reputation might stand on the country scenes of *Middlemarch* alone, with all propaganda eliminated, so Lawrence's is secure merely in the depiction of the rich, rhythmic life which he knew intimately. He lives too as one of the foremost writers of short stories of our time—a role in which he would be more conspicuous if these pieces were not overshadowed by his more explosive longer works. Nor ought it be forgotten that as a critic—especially in *Studies in Classic American Literature*—Lawrence is as fresh, original, exciting, and cogent as any writer who has examined the literary output of the United States. In all but the propagandistic aspects of his art, Lawrence is likely to be with us for a long time.

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THEOLOGY FOR EVERYONE

IT MAY BE FOOLHARDY, but I am going to keep at my one-man crusade for relating theology to modern problems. I say "foolhardy" because the crusade seems to be getting nowhere.

I had hoped that the problem would be recognized and some efforts made to do something about it. Instead, my columns on the subject seem to have brought on a wave of defensiveness. Ironically, they may actually have thickened the wall of complacency which, I suspect, separates religion from life more effectively than the combined efforts of all the secularists.

I have found the general response to the earlier columns varied but singularly unimpressive. Individual books and writers have been cited triumphantly to show that I am overstating the problem, though the same few titles and the same names are mentioned again and again. It has been pointed out that the word "theologian" properly describes an expert and that I seem to be holding out for every parish priest to be another Aquinas. When I cited the success Protestant theologians have had in exercising influence on American intellectuals, I was told that Protestant theology is so fluid they have no trouble adjusting it to modern problems but that Catholic theology cannot hope for a hearing because of its stability.

That is the sort of response I got. Some critics, heaven forgive them, understood me to be saying that theology should be "popularized." But the saints preserve us from any more Ready Answer pamphlets. If, through writing this column, I am inadvertently responsible for any, I fear I will probably have to spend my purgatory reading them.

Other critics charged me with expecting theologians to come up with absolutely final answers to all our moral perplexities—a horrible prospect. And of course there were those who put me on their drop-dead list for daring to bring up the subject at all.

Perhaps I would do well to try to state again what I have in mind—or at least what I do not have in mind.

I do not mean that there are no American Catholic theologians who are tackling the key moral issues of our time. There are. They are few in number and limited in influence—but may their tribe increase.

Even these hopeful few, however, do not always have the ready grasp of problems that they should have, mainly because they work in isolation from other scholars and disciplines.

What real efforts are being made to install theology as the queen of the sciences in the universities? Little or none. Yet I am convinced that not until it occupies that position and the work of the theologians is subject to the criticism of the other disciplines and they to its, Catholic theology will not take its proper place in American intellectual life.

What I am suggesting of course is that we stop regarding theology as an exclusively clerical specialty. There is no special reason, as has been pointed out to me on several occasions, why every priest should be an expert theologian, and certainly it would be foolish to expect every theology professor to be a speculative thinker. But there is every reason in the world why liberally educated laymen, like liberally educated priests, should be familiar with the great theological questions. And there is every reason in this day and age for Catholic laymen to become accustomed to relating secular knowledge with theological wisdom. There is also much to be said for the universities' supporting original theological research and encouraging theological speculation about the findings of scholars in other departments.

While I am at it, I would like to make another thing clear. I do not think of theology in moralistic terms. It is true that theologians are charged with passing on the morality of given acts and situations, but this strikes me as the least challenging of their tasks and the least precious of theology's fruits. I am certainly not thinking of aggrandized "Just Ask Father" courses when I express a need for theologians. I am asking, rather, for latterday Summas which will bring the truths of faith alive for modern man. That cannot be done, it seems to me, until these truths are related to the other concerns, political, scientific, professional, artistic and moral, which engross us.

Note that political, scientific, professional and artistic concerns have been united with moral concern. Moral concern is not alone, standing in isolation. It is part of a constellation. It takes its shape and texture, as it were, from other concerns and arises from them.

Here, I would say, is the greatest challenge facing modern theologians. For if they can succeed in relating the truths of faith to the concerns which actually exist in modern society, they will get a hearing.

There may have been a time when it was the primary task of theology to defend the truths of the faith from charges that they were contrary to reason. I suppose that will always be an important duty. But I think that the theologians have an even tougher job today than they had in the time of St. Thomas. Today, theology, in order to make any initial impression, must begin by showing that religion is relevant to man's other concerns. For it is not until a man is convinced that the teachings of the faith are relevant that he begins to worry about whether or not they are true.

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE SCREEN

SOME CORNER OF A FOREIGN FIELD

LEWIS MILESTONE, who directed the great anti-war war film "All Quiet on the Western Front," has now come up with another fine war movie: "Pork Chop Hill." Only incidentally an anti-war film (in that it shows the suffering and horror of war) "Pork Chop Hill" is essentially a tribute to the American infantrymen who fought in the battle over an enemy-held hill in the closing days of the Korean war. Since James R. Webb based his script on the book by S. L. A. Marshall, the picture has a great deal to do with the confusion, errors and hard fighting of King Company's assault on Pork Chop Hill; and Director Milestone has visualized these battle scenes with a vividness that recalls "The Red Badge of Courage" and his own "All Quiet." The continued shelling as the front line moves back and forth, the dreadful moments when our own misdirected floodlights reveal the advancing King Company to the enemy and later when our artillery fires on our own men, the unnerving effect of the insinuating propaganda from the enemy's loudspeakers on the battlefield, the sight and sound of death everywhere—all this adds up to a memorable picture of war.

Unfortunately, however, in spite of the good acting of Gregory Peck, as the lieutenant in charge, and the fine all-male cast, who come through effectively in a series of character studies, "Pork Chop Hill" lacks the stirring emotional qualities of "All Quiet" and other war films which arouse audiences to a more personal response. The entire action covers a few days in Korea in 1953; and again and again the viewer is aware of the movie's honesty and sincerity and irony (the film emphasizes the haggling at the concurrent peace treaty conference at Panmunjom). Sy Bartlett deserves commendation for his first-rate production of a war film that pays tribute to unsung heroes.

What "Pork Chop Hill" does best is to put recent events into proper perspective in the long line of American history. As the few survivors make their weary way after the bloody but successful battle, an off-screen voice sums up the film: "So Pork Chop Hill was held, bought and paid for at the same price we commemorate in Bunker Hill and Gettysburg. Yet you will find no monuments on Pork Chop. Victory is a fragile thing and history does not linger long in the twentieth century."

THERE HAVE BEEN outdoor pictures and there have been women's pictures. "Woman Obsessed," set in the wilds of Canada, is an outdoor-woman's picture. It might have been called "People Obsessed," since its three main characters are all pretty neurotic backwoods folk. Susan Hayward portrays a widow who, having lost her husband in a forest fire, tries to farm her place herself; but when the going gets too tough, she takes on a hired man (Stephen Boyd), a strong, silent type who, because of early traumatic experiences, has an obsession about cowards. These two get along pretty well, and when Susan stops mourning her late husband and wins approval from her seven-year-old son (Dennis Holmes), she marries handy Stephen.

But then their troubles start in a big way. Stephen tries to make over his stepson, a sensitive youth who can't stand the sight of blood, and Susan, a former schoolteacher, backs up the boy against her uncouth though well-meaning husband. Nobody really tries to understand anyone else and the dramatic situations get very tense. So do the elements, what with snowstorms, floods and Stephen, in the big climax, stuck in a quagmire. The scenery, aided by CinemaScope and De Luxe Color, is handsome, and the acting is good—although Susan's make-up and clothes are hardly appropriate to a hard-working farm wife. Moviegoers who like this kind of emotional exercise might enjoy seeing their harrassed heroine coping with weather and soil as well as men for a change.

DORIS DAY also plays a widow with problems, but "It Happened to Jane" sees life as a comedy. Very funny it is, thanks mainly to producer-director Richard Quine, who has put together a nice slice of modern Americana that belongs to the school of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." In his fable it is a woman who defies Goliath, pert and determined Doris Day vs. grumpy, cigar-chewing Ernie Kovacs as the owner of the Eastern and Portland Railroad. It seems that Kovacs' railroad allowed a shipment of lobster, owned by Doris, to spoil, and when Doris turns down Kovacs' offer of a measly seven hundred dollars, the case goes to court and eventually becomes a national issue, with radio, T.V. and the newspapers playing up the story of the plucky widow from Cape Ann, Maine, who is defying the mean railroad magnate.

Although the picture is a little too long, it is a delight from beginning to end. Norman Katkov's pleasant script, the nice color photography of New England and environs, and the good-humored cast, which includes Jack Lemmon as Doris's lawyer and Maine suitor and Steve Forrest as a reporter and New York suitor, all contribute to the fun. Without preaching, Richard Quine uses Miss Day's bubbling enthusiasm and Ernie Kovacs' growling meanness to great effect, and the side lectures on democracy and Maine's townhall meetings, thrown in gratis, never become pedantic. "It Happened to Jane" should happen more often.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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An Exchange of Views

"On Catholic Education"

Jersey City, N.J.

TO THE EDITORS: May I raise one dissenting note as regards Dom Aelred Graham's eloquent championing [Apr. 24] of Cardinal Newman's *Idea of a University* and its relevancy to our present Catholic higher education condition?

I do not agree that Newman would have regarded Father Cavanaugh's much publicized question, "Where are the Catholic Salks, Oppenheimers, Einsteins?" as irrelevant. I am judging Newman here, as Dom Aelred urges us to do, by what Newman says. Newman did write, as Dom Aelred quotes him, "There is no crying demand, no imperative necessity for our acquisition of a Catholic Euclid or a Catholic Newton." But the context of that statement was much different from that of Father Cavanaugh's.

Newman had been discussing for some pages previous the need for an English Catholic literature to be provided for Catholic college students in place of "an existing literature of marked Protestant character." He then added: "We do not, strictly speaking, include the pure sciences in our *desideratum";* i.e., we do not need "Catholic Euclids" or "Catholic Newtons" to write science textbooks for use in our Catholic colleges.

But before the reference to Euclid and Newton, Newman expressly states: "Not that we should not feel pleased and proud to find Catholics distinguish themselves in publications on abstract or experimental philosophy, on account of the honor it does to our religion in the eyes of the world; not that we are insensible to the congruity and respectability of depending in these matters on ourselves, and not on others, at least as regards our textbooks; not that we do not confidently anticipate that Catholics of these countries will in time to come be able to point to authorities and discoverers in science of their own, equal to those of Protestant England, Germany, or Sweden. . . ."

Thus Newman on confident anticipation about the time to come. Father Cavanaugh raised his question a century after Newman's expression of confidence, and raised it not in a Protestant country, but in a pluralistic one, and as to why in the United States of the mid-twentieth century and with so large a proportion of the population Catholic, we still can't point "to authorities and discoverers in science" equal, as it happens, to those of the Jewish communion in America, so much smaller in numbers than the Catholic communion.

Newman concludes his observations on the subject with this further note: "Scientific works are to be looked for, not so much for their own sake, as because they are indication that we have able scientific men in our communion; for if we have such, they will be certain to write, and in proportion as they increase in number will there be the chance of really profound, original, and standard books issuing from our Lecture rooms and Libraries."

So Newman wrote in the 1850's. If he could return in the 1950's, might he not ask, as Father Cavanaugh has, "Where are 'these able scientific men in our communion' equal to the scientific authorities in other communions?"

PHILIP DEASY.

South Bend, Ind.

TO THE EDITORS: In the light of Dom Aelred Graham's recent article on Catholic education, and on Cardinal Newman, one might pause to ask what Newman did *not* say about (Catholic) liberal education.

In my opinion, he did not say the following:

1) The development of the intellectual virtues may or may not result in the development of character and manners which Newman often cites as the qualities of the "gentleman." When a "gentleman" does emerge from a university (in Newman's sense), only *part* of the explanation should be sought in the development of his intellectual virtues.

2) The "cultivation of mind" in the Christian is different from the "cultivation of mind" in the non-Christian. Sometimes the difference is to be found in the disciplines learned (e.g., ethics is radically affected by being cultivated in a Christian intelligence and chemistry or physics not at all) and sometimes the difference is to be found in the state of the learner. In any event, there is a difference between a Christian "cultivation of mind" and a non-Christian "cultivation of mind."

3) Reason in a natural state (which never existed), reason in a pagan state (which did) and reason in a Christian state (which existed after Christ) should be suitably distinguished in a discussion of liberal education.

4) Philosophy may be justified in a liberal arts curriculum either as *ancilla theologiae* or as an autonomous discipline proceeding from natural causes. Either justification is stronger than the argument that phi-

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losophy is necessary for the *integrity* of knowledge (see Newman), though the latter argument may convince more people.

I am aware that, on the points mentioned above, Newman said something of value on the other side. In the 19th century, so dark and hostile to the Church, Newman will always be remembered for his powerful reemphasis of the universality of intellectual truth (whether in a Christian or not), for his distinction between intellectual and moral virtues, between liberal and useful knowledge and for many other points.

Finally, I think, one's quarrel is not with Newman who always seems aware that *On the Scope and Nature of University Education* is an occasional paper, not a treatise on liberal education for all the ages to come. As he said, "I am concerned with questions, not of immutable truth, but of practice and expedience." From this point of view, one is startled to learn that Newman has, following the "readaptation" of Aristotle by Aquinas, "sharpened to the highest precision . . . the rational instruments for shaping the youthful intelligence into a state of judicious awareness."

My own difficulty with Newman is precisely his inability to sharply define—and consistently maintain—several of the positions which he expounds. There is also in Newman a strong current of integralism, a spirit of *rapprochement* and a distinguished ability to handle heavy ideas lightly. Yet I wonder if one can say that Newman exemplifies both the view that the primary goal of Catholic education is soul-saving and the incarnational view that all things true and good are, by that very fact, Christian. Didn't Newman remind us that soul-saving involves an intellectual soul? These two views can surely be found in the various philosophical and theological traditions within the Church and perhaps they can be found in Newman. Yet I do not think they can be held simultaneously by contemporary Catholics seeking to understand the goal of Catholic education.

FRANK KEEGAN.

Fort Collins, Colo.

TO THE EDITORS: When Dom Aelred Graham remarks that "Newman did not consider it to be the task of a university to produce 'scholars' or 'intellectuals,' " and then goes on in the very next sentence to equate scholarship and intellectualism with "brilliant eccentricity," he tips his hand irretrievably. Newman, I am sure, would be horrified at seeing his comments upon the nature of a University given this strained and unnatural interpretation.

It is true that Newman spoke out against "parti-colored ingenuities," against "random theories and imposing sophistries and dashing paradoxes," and against a pretentious "viewiness." But it should be obvious to any accurate reader that he meant only to attack the foibles and vanities of which the scholar and intellectual are often guilty, not intellectualism and scholarship in themselves.

If Dom Aelred wishes to make a virtue of his own anti-intellectuality that, it seems to me, is his own business. But when he busily sets about making an anti-intellectual of Newman in order to bolster his own position, he takes a liberty which most admirers of Newman would find highly unwarrantable.

Like many Catholic educators, Dom Aelred seems to think it possible to build a house without going to the expense and trouble of a foundation. Like Newman, he wants to produce students who are "accurate," who can "look straight before them," and who are possessed of "clear-sightedness, of sagacity, of wisdom, of philo-

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sophical reach of mind, and of intellectual self-possession and repose." Unlike Newman, he obviously feels that this can be accomplished without the services of the scholar or intellectual, either of whom are far too likely to lead the unwary student into a mere "brilliant eccentricity," often to the detriment of his soul's salvation. Indeed, one gets the impression that in hiring faculty members, if Dom Aelred were to have a choice between a brilliant (and probably "eccentric") lay scholar and a nice safe seminary-trained priest, he would hire the priest ten times out of ten.

Dom Aelred complacently admits that the Catholic institutions of higher learning are "not always in a position to produce scholars and intellectuals." He is undisturbed by this situation. But he forgets that the school which does not convert the occasional brilliant student into a scholar or intellectual cannot, in the very nature of things, be doing an adequate job by its less gifted or "average" students. The intellectual atmosphere which stunts the gifted student usually thwarts the growth of the average student even more. Finally, the school which cannot produce scholars and intellectuals is in no position to attract scholars and intellectuals to its faculty—although I doubt if this will disturb Dom Aelred much either.

Finally, Dom Aelred blithely ignores the obvious missionary responsibility of the American Catholic university to turn out highly competent intellectuals and scholars who can enter ("infiltrate," if you wish) our secular organizations—the universities, the publishing houses, the newspapers—and hold their own with their non-Catholic colleagues. Only by these means will the American Catholic achieve the status he does not as yet deserve in our dominantly Protestant society.

There is, in fact, simply no measuring the amount of good which a highly competent teacher, scholar and intellectual (who also happens to be a Catholic) can do in our secular institutions. I am sure, for example, that the intellectual atmosphere of the University of Wisconsin is radically different because of the presence on campus of so competent a scholar and distinguished a lady as Professor Helen C. White. Would to God we had five thousand more like her scattered through our secular institutions.

The deficiencies of our Catholic colleges in this respect reach the proportions of gross negligence of their spiritual responsibilities. In English and American literature, my own field of specialization, one can run through volume after volume of such learned journals as *Publications of the Modern Languages Association, Studies in Philology,* or *American Literature,* without coming across the name of a Catholic school more than once or twice. Catholic schools have their own journals, such as Fordham's *Thought* and Marquette's *Renascence,* but unhappily one can go through hundreds of pages of any "big" secular journal without finding a single citation to either of these, simply because Catholic scholars have little status (outside of an occasional Weigel or Ong), and, from where I stand, deserve none.

The fallacy of Dom Aelred's argument consists in talking of Catholic universities and colleges which nonetheless are "not always in a position to produce scholars and intellectuals." One might as well talk of meatless hamburgers or bricks made from straw. The school which does not produce intellectuals and scholars is not an institution of higher learning at all. It does not deserve the name of university or college, as the secular academic community well knows.

ROBERT H. ZOELLNER.

REPLY

Portsmouth Priory, R.I.

TO THE EDITORS: A brief comment on each of the above letters:

Mr. Deasy's points are justly made. By all means let us have our Catholic Salks, Oppenheimers, Einsteins—if, and when, we can. My suggestion was that we have other matters to attend to first. I was asking, in effect, with the help of Newman, how applicable to our Catholic schools are the headlines summarizing a recent article on education, in the *New York Times Magazine* (January 26, 1958): "We do not teach them how to think—Education's crucial role today spotlights its crucial failing under our system, says an educator (Marc Raef): It does not train the young for real mental work."

Mr. Keegan's is a contribution on its own account. He is concerned, however, with what Newman "did *not* say," whereas I was interested in what he did; so that there is little that calls for comment.

To your third correspondent my essay was obviously unclear. I share, as I'm sure would Newman, Mr. Zoellner's enthusiasm for the work of "scholars" and "intellectuals." I think, however, that they are often a little "eccentric." To "intellectuality" I prefer—again, I believe, with Newman—that mental integrity which refrains from substituting personal innuendo for honest argument. To a narrow "field of specialization" should surely be added, in an apologist for Catholic intellectuals, some knowledge of the work done in the larger sphere of the Church's thought and spirituality.

The question raised by my essay has hardly been touched on by any of your three correspondents. Newman concluded the preface to his *Idea of a University* by observing that, "It is a matter of deep solicitude to Catholic prelates that their people should be taught a wisdom, safe from the excesses and vagaries of individuals." Is it any less imperative today that our Catholic people, to say nothing of the population as a whole, should be taught "a wisdom"?

(Dom) AELRED GRAHAM, O.S.B.

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A Hero in Search of the Heroic

THE STRAW MAN. By Jean Giono. Translated by Phyllis Johnson. Knopf. $5.

By RICHARD GILMAN

THE HISTORICAL novel, leaving aside the absurdities of Costain, Yerby, Seton, et al, is, we may be certain, always a pretext. That is to say, no serious writer is ever interested in re-creation for its own sake, in how Rome smelled under the Caesars or what the codes of assignation were under the sun-king. If novelists like Robert Penn Warren and Margaret Yourcenar write of the ages of Jefferson or Hadrian, their real themes remain contemporary and their research incidental. In their hands the historical novel is a myth or a mask, something gained in the way of freedom, an old game played with new and relaxing properties.

Jean Giono is one of these sportive creators who wish us to be convinced of their fidelity to history the better to submit us to their larger purpose: to use the past as bait for traps lying in the present. The advantage is that the reader feels relieved of the burden of confronting himself in fiction and is more disposed to be entertained and thus slyly instructed. For the writer there is frequently an opportunity to test a style or a humor.

The Straw Man tries out a style —jumpy, elliptical, aphoristic—and a humor—aristocratic, disenchanted, Stendhalian. The setting is Italy during the revolutions of 1848, and everything shines with authenticity: saddles, taverns, field-pieces, rapiers and the round arms of serving-women. A Fabrizio-like hero moves across the Lombard and Tuscan landscapes searching for emotions big enough to match his idea of what a hero should feel.

"The terrace of a café and the established order allow for habit," he tells himself, "but where can I find room for more sweeping gestures?" And again, "I'm afraid of dying stupidly." He comes close to dying, intelligently or otherwise, on any number of occasions and at the hands of any number of enemies. (The "straw man" of the title refers to the fact that he is being used by a revolutionary cabal to divert attention from themselves, though it is one of the weaknesses of the book that this theme is not developed and is, in fact, murky in the extreme.)

After the duels and the cliff-hanging, after the oblique wooings and the dark night of hooves, what remains? Some superior scenes of battle which unite splendid physical evocation with an ironic awareness of war's boredom and waste of energy; intermittent true contendings of man with nature; a sense of place.

But chiefly we are left with a bitter commentary on politics, idealism and the psychology of the herd. "The revolution was giving itself over to the first comers. He would have wanted it to remain wise just because he himself was not interested in profiting from it. He did not know that necessities exist." These hard truths—that men have petty motives, that they bring the noble into inextricable confusion with the base, that no revolution is ever wise—constitute his education, continually unhorsing him but at the same time extending the scope of the heroic ride he dreams of taking.

That is the larger purpose of *The Straw Man,* the thing that makes it about something other than the Revolution of 1848. Yet though Giono's book is worth all the false creations in the historical genre, it is not equal to one true one. And this is because he has not been subtle enough about his double game. He has written as though we really do want to know what it tasted like in Tuscany that year; his research shows. But finding his details running away from his insight, he has periodically called back the action for epigrammatic summations that resemble placards thrust from the windows of speeding trains. We have been given an epic with a built-in exegesis.

Giono was once a sort of minor Tolstoy whose novels about the earth and man's need to be as wise and simple as it is won him disciples in the thirties. Since the war he has turned rather sour, with an unbecoming aggressiveness. He still knows how to play but there is a petulant quality to his freedom, as though he feels cramped and wants someone to blame. In transposing his themes of nobility and courage to a Stendhalian milieu, he has, besides falling into considerable derivativeness, permitted his hatred of abstract democracy and the technocratic age to limit his moral imagination. The result is a witty book unlighted by any convincing sense of discovery, and a muscular one that puts its robustness to inferior uses.

On Christian Mystery and Symbol

THE PARADISE TREE. By Gerald Vann, O.P. Sheed & Ward. $4.

By PHILIP DEASY

A RECENT issue of *The London Tablet* called attention to a projected work of apologetics the late Monsignor Ronald Knox did not live to finish. Monsignor Knox was concerned about the arid and formalized way Catholicism is so often presented to the modern world and the consequent need in his own words, "of an apologetic which shall suggest to the reader that in approaching Christian theology he is approaching something that is alive, not a series of diagrams." Doctrine and dogma can indeed become mere dry bones and the living of one's Christianity so negativist as to leave one in a sort of "immaculate moral vacuum," or, worse still, in that emotional wallowing in which religion becomes essentially a palliative.

None of the foregoing aberra-

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tions of religion are unrecognized by Father Gerald Vann in *The Paradise Tree.* But again, as in his previous book *The Water and the Fire,* Father Vann is more concerned with healing than with merely diagnosing. *The Paradise Tree,* above all else, is a rich and moving statement of the affirmations of Catholicism and of how its followers may most truly have life and have it more abundantly. Father Vann's approach is immediately indicated in the subtitle of his book: "On Living the Symbols of the Church." Of the word "symbol" and the erroneous connotations it has taken on in our technocratic world he has no fears. Nor is he afraid of other words, not unfamiliar to devotees of The New Criticism in literature, like "myth," "ritual," "ambiguity," "ambivalence," and "paradox." He quotes approvingly Austin Farrer's distinction: "The purpose of scientific statement is the elimination of ambiguity, the purpose of symbol the inclusion of it." To Father Vann, symbolic thinking is both inescapable and irreplaceable inescapable in that "symbol, myth, image belong to the very substance of the psychic life" irreplaceable in that "the symbol reveals certain aspects of reality—the deepest aspects—which defy all other modes of knowledge." As a religion of "the veiled word, of grace concealed in sacramental symbols, of the infinite depths of God disclosed hidden behind simple words and rituals," the mystery of Christianity, the pattern of life it sets for its followers, can be revealed only through symbols.

Thus, Part One of *The Paradise Tree* is called "The Mystery" and all four chapters of that part are concerned with "The Pattern" of Catholicism: first, "The Pattern" in general, in which we see that Christianity is the poetic pattern of ancient myths and rituals become a matter of hard historical fact, of Christ incarnating in His life, death and resurrection, "an inner experience that had existed potentially for centuries in the human soul but that had never passed beyond the sphere of the dream." Succeeding chapters treat in greater detail "The Pattern" in the Christ-Life, in the Commandments, and in the Sacraments.

Part Two, the heart of *The Paradise Tree,* is entitled "The Mystery in the Mass." Here in the best *explication de texte* fashion Father Vann communicates the real meaning of the Holy Sacrifice, giving in particular the closest of readings to the prayers of The Canon, with eloquent stress on the far-reaching, though never far-fetched, theological and practical spiritual implications of the wording. In this part of his book Father Vann most effectively demonstrates that he is as direct and familiar with the day by day problems of living the integrated Catholic life as he is with the more abstract aspects of a religion of mysticism. He is very much aware that "life is a very practical business, and even the service of God is a very practical business —we have to try to keep the commandments, to pray the prayer of petition, to exercise ourselves in the practice of the virtues and of good works."

But he is also aware, and this is the profound truth communicated by *The Paradise Tree,* that "our deepest need is communion with mystery, is faith not as an assent to a practical proposition but as personal response to an immediate communication of the divine. If activity, even in the sense of moral striving, is to be sound and wise and fruitful it must be based on contemplation: our deepest need, once again, is to become thoughtful people, prayerful people, aware of the mystery below the surface of things, aware of the eternal within the fabric of time."

The Paradise Tree is rich spiritual fare. Since it obviously belongs in the highest Baconian category, a book "to be chewed and digested," the reader is well advised to take it in small amounts and with much rumination.

The Elusive King Mithradates

KING OF PONTUS. By Alfred Duggan. Coward-McCann. $3.95.

By MAX COSMAN

MR. DUGGAN'S Mithradates is that Eastern champion in the century before Christ who stood in the way of Roman expansion in Asia Minor. First-hand accounts of him by either of the parties involved seemingly do not exist. Secondary ones do, but, as we are told, some are no more than incidental notices. Even those which are fuller are subject to tantalizing omissions. No wonder that here and there in his recital Mr. Duggan complains after this fashion: "We know that Mithradates commanded in the battle. Unfortunately our authorities say nothing of his exploits; they do not even tell us whether it was the Pontic horse or the infantry who broke the Roman line."

Conditioned by lack of data, and, more perhaps, by professional bias against the enlargement available to fictionizers of history *(vide* the works of Robert Graves or the recent book by Rex Warner), *King of Pontus* is accurate so far as history is concerned but thin psychologically. It gives us the peripheral Mithradates, the autocrat "of almost divine height, strength, and symmetry," who could ride his 120 miles a day, protect himself against poison with regular doses of it, and bear the burdens of a lifetime of statecraft and militarism.

It leaves unplumbed, inevitably, the inner issues of directives, and that creature who could love things Hellenic (international culture, in short) but limit himself to the narrowest of Persian observances when policy demanded the same, who could add Eupator (the Good Father) to the king's name but arrange the murders of a wife, two sons, an uncle, some aunts, a nephew, and no less than eighty thousand helpless Italians in one genocidal day.

Whatever doubts *King of Pontus* leaves with us, it leaves none as to the verdict one must render on

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the military prowess of Mithradates. He was no immovable object to match an irresistible force. Quite the contrary. Except for an initial triumph, which if marked was nevertheless more fortuitous than earned, and some lesser successes that fell to him later on, he was a very movable object on the whole.

But if no conquering figure, neither was he negligible. Driven from pillar to post, sustaining losses that should have destroyed him but did not, raising new armies as if he possessed the secret of the Cadmean teeth, he was indeed what Mr. Duggan calls him: "the greatest hero of the resistance to Rome." Certainly, it was his keeping up of a front against such generals as Sulla and Lucullus that gave him the hold he had on the imagination of Romans. It explains too why, dead at last and his corpse, rites scanted, yielded up by a favor-currying son, he was yet given honorable burial by no less than Pompey, the third great harrier Rome had loosed against him.

King of Pontus records more, of course, than out-size antagonists. It also puts the temper of the times vividly before us. What an era! Kings from Taurus to the Propontus plot or counter-plot. Once-mighty city-states try to restore their glory. The pirates of Cilicia blacken the seas. In Italy the going is no less treacherous and inimical. Slaves make their bid for freedom with Spartacus, wax and wane, finally droop on crosses along the Appian way. Nor are the crucifiers safe. Economic and political differences bring them to the direst of wars—Civil War. As if on orders from death itself, Oligarchs and Populars take turns in putting to the sword those fallen out of power.

There is no difference, then, in Rome and its suburbs, Spain, lands of the Aegean or the Mediterranean, even the distant borders of the Euxine; the butchers, and their jackals the looters, are abroad in the vast pattern of human destiny. Subtly relating it all to the present scene, touching it on occasion with that irony which a skillful lecturer employs when the savage complex is his subject, Mr. Duggan in *King of Pontus* gives us a biography not so much of revelation or analysis as of compelling narrative.

Japanese Artistry

THE BRONZE CHRIST. By Yoshiro Nagayo. Translated by Kenzoh Yada and Henry P. Ward. Taplinger. $3.50. THE TEMPLE OF THE GOLDEN PAVILION. By Yukio Mishima. Translated by Ivan Morris. Introduction by Nancy Wilson Ross. Drawings by Fumi Komatsu. Knopf. $4.

By JOHN P. SISK

THE HARD thing for the occidental reader of Japanese fiction is to distinguish between what it actually is and what the accident of its exoticism makes it seem to be. If one is too circumscribed by his own culture to do this it is always easy to mistake the second-rate for the real thing. With these two Japanese novels, therefore, I am in the awkward position of wanting to say on the one hand that they are both excellent and having to admit on the other that I am anything but an authority on Japanese culture.

For most western readers *The Bronze Christ* will be the more accessible of the two novels, despite the fact that *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion* is about contemporary Japan and is written by a young man who already has considerable reputation here. Nagayo's advantage is that his characters are relatively normal and that his story —told against the background of the persecutions that reduced Japanese Catholics from several hundred thousands to a scattered handful—will be meaningful to Christians of all denominations.

The central figure, Yusa, is a young sculptor in early seventeenth-century Nagasaki who tries without success to find in his art a satisfactory reason for his existence. He is in love with Monika, a beautiful Catholic, whom he cannot marry because he is not a believer. Unfortunately, he is not simply an unbeliever. As a child he has had the traumatic experience of watching martyred Catholics die and of learning that "when you gather up all your strength nothing is impossible." At the same time he begins "to think of himself as a very small, meaningless person." Thus he is spoiled for paganism and must try desperately to believe the motto he has scrawled on his wall: "My Muse Shall Be My Wife!" and thus he must try to find satisfaction with Kimika, the prostitute who reminds him of Monika, and who herself has Christian sympathies.

Eventually, Yusa is induced by an apostate priest to make the bronze Christ, a device to be used in detecting Catholics, since they will refuse to step on it. Ironically, Yusa reveals to the authorities the frustrated Catholic in himself by the perfection of his statue. Still protesting his unbelief, he is martyred along with Monika and Kimika, both of whom have refused to step on the statue. It is a Hound-of-Heaven story in which the fleeing one does not quite get caught; or it is a Judas story, for Yusa is more effectively a betrayer than the apostate priest. There is a simple, legendary quality about it, yet Nagayo handles it with great artistry and with a fine control of its universal implications.

Mishima's novel is quite another matter, though it too involves a traumatic childhood experience—in this case the adultery of his mother which the narrator accidentally witnesses. This boy, Mizoguchi, grows up a stuttering neurotic, isolated from life, his imagination dominated by the vision of the Golden Temple at Kyoto, about which his father, a Zen Buddhist priest, has told him.

As a young man, Mizoguchi becomes a Zen acolyte at the Golden Temple, where he is more and more possessed by its timeless beauty and even begins to dream of someday becoming its master. But it is the Golden Temple that masters him: the vision of it paralyzes every attempt to break out of his stuttering prison and make some contact with life. He begins to dream of freeing himself from this tyranny of the absolute by burning the Golden

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Temple, and he does eventually burn it, but with the final words "I wanted to live" abandons his plan to commit suicide.

It is an impressive and beautiful book which should increase the audience Mishima's *The Sound of Waves* won him in this country. Readers should be forewarned, however, that they will find themselves in a much stranger environment than Nagayo's. Mizoguchi's neuroticism expresses itself in a ritualized Buddhist world, and Americans may feel that it falls short of its sensational potential, particularly where it encounters sexual, violent or disillusioning experience. Our own fictional neurotics indulge in less introspection and get themselves more frequently and flamboyantly into trouble. But the reader who can transpose his standards sufficiently will realize that he is observing a superb presentation of a trapped and distorted personality.

Miss Ross's sensible introduction warns the reader against some of the "facile and disturbing interpretations" to which he may be tempted in an effort to make himself at home in the novel. Such interpretations include attempts to reduce it by making too much of western novels it may remind one of. Nevertheless, some comparisons are not only inevitable but apparently even in order, since according to Donald Keene (the translator of Mishima's earlier *Five Modern Nó Plays*) European writers, especially French writers, have had a great influence in Japan. Miss Ross herself speaks of the "aura of Dostoevskian violence and passion," though it should be noted too that there is none of the Dostoevskian extravagance. There are interesting analogies with Simenon and Camus, particularly with the Meursault of the latter's *The Stranger*. Even more striking to me are the thematic resemblances to Proust. Miss Ross gives a clue here, but without mentioning Proust, when she says of Mizoguchi's experiences: "Nothing remains what it was. Nothing is really what it seems." It is this quality of Mishima's novel—its sense of the shifting, illusory quality of reality —that distinguishes it so sharply from Nagayo's.

Both books are handsomely made and the translators have given us most readable texts. Their publication should be an important event not only for those interested in Japanese literature but for the devotees of Zen Buddhism. *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion* should be hailed as great news in Beat Land, where Mizoguchi may suggest new and spectacular forms of liberation.

A Low Note

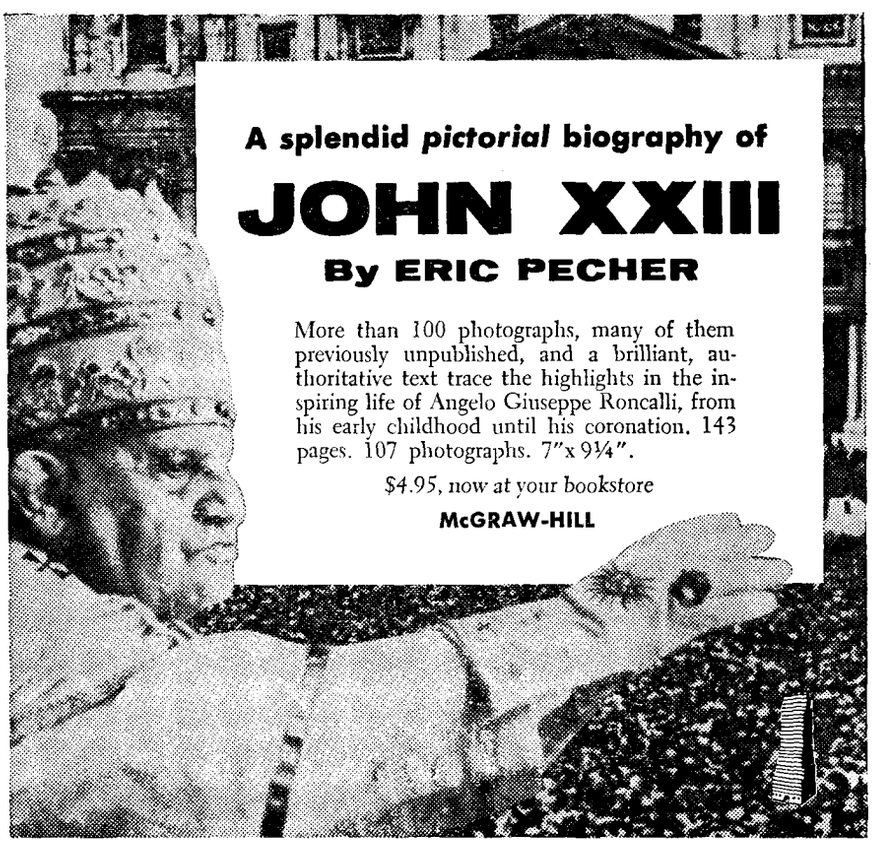
A VOICE THAT FILLS THE HOUSE. By Martin Mayer. Simon and Schuster. $3.75.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

A TITLE that fills the imagination might be reasonably expected to signify more than a pun. Mr. Mayer's title suggests historical, patriarchal or otherworldly voices; and while no one would sniff at the vocal artiste, it comes as a distinct chill that *the* voice of this novel is that of an American baritone, about to make his debut at the Met after a series of successful seasons abroad.

The tone of this novel is one of total detachment. The baritone has a recently divorced wife, whom he intends to remarry, and a gaggle (in an onomatopoeic and advised usage) of friends. The friends include a soprano only a touch reminiscent of Maria Callas, her rich businessman husband, and the husband's father, naturally elder and less naturally, perhaps, a likable invert. The problem of homosexuality, like the problems of marital love and of friendship, is picked up and dropped again, very quickly and even more inconclusively.

Throughout the rehearsals, performances, exercise sessions, late suppers and later breakfasts, the baritone preserves his glacial identity. Nothing hits him deeper than the larynx. The common cold means more to him, in terms of immediate reaction, than tragedy in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the lives of friends. He may be right, however. His friends have such encapsulated tragedies.

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Epic of Man

THE ODYSSEY: A MODERN SEQUEL. By Nikos Kazantzakis. Simon & Schuster. $10.

By THOMAS F. CURLEY

ONE MUST IGNORE the current fashions in verse to experience this work. First of all it is a very long narrative poem, and narrative poetry is unpopular today; secondly it is the kind of narrative poetry that has made narrative itself unpopular. The primary difficulty, I think, is that Kazantzakis' verse is closer to allegory than to symbol, that his imagery and rhythms (in this very admirable English translation by Mr. Kimon Friar) are vehicles of meaning, rather than the meaning itself. A great many things happen to Odysseus but I think that if Kazantzakis had merely told the story and omitted the explanations and the sermons his text would have been less than half of what it is—776 pages. We have come to dislike that sort of thing. Either let the story *be* the meaning or cut it out. Poets must distill; the rest is literature. Well, Kazantzakis gives us the literature along with the poetry, and I for one rather like it.

The story in brief: After killing Penelope's suitors and marrying Telemachus off to Nausicaa, Odysseus is bored by Ithaca and disgusted by his senile father. He builds a boat and, accompanied by six lusty crewmen, sails off again on his perpetual discovery of the world, that is to say, of himself. That point needs to be stressed: Odysseus has no definite goal, or rather the goal is the going. The "many-minded man" first comes to Sparta where he steals a willing Helen from the house of his old friend Menelaus. Not for erotic purposes, however. Helen is another Trojan horse whom Odysseus will use to destroy the decadent civilization at Knossos. He arrives on Crete and, after considerable delay in the ritual flesh pots, he does destroy Knossos, makes one of his crew king and leaves Helen as wife to one of the Doric barbarians so that she can mother a new Greek civilization.

From Crete the hardy band proceed to Egypt where they abandon ship to partake in an unsuccessful rebellion which proves not to be fatal when Odysseus terrifies the effete young king who permits the "tomb treader" to flee from Egypt south to the Source of the Nile. Once there, Odysseus communes with "God" for seven days before descending from a mountain to build his ideal city. He builds it. Soon after, however, the earth quakes, the mountains belch lava and the city is destroyed. Here ends the first and inferior part of the poem. Here begins an intense and gorgeously articulated vision:

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Odysseus brimmed with waters,
trees, fruit, beasts and snakes,
And all trees, water, beasts and
fruit brimmed with Odysseus

He becomes a god who slays "God," that "God" for whom Odysseus had built the ideal city.

And when God fell to earth,
the mind of man leapt up
Within his head like a broad-
breasted cock, and crowed;
it seemed day broke, sweet light
flowed down the mountain
slopes
and the god-slayer's heart grew
warm, his black chest opened,
till like a bridegroom with curled
locks, smelling of thyme,
he drew the bolts and let the
world stroll in his heart.
The nightingale appeared once
more, perched on his head
as though the heart were an
unruffled bird that sang with
no unsolved enigmas now on
green earth's highest bough.

In this part of the poem, Odysseus is no longer a man among men. He is Man writ very large, the bearer of that inhuman flame which he used to call God. He is the savior of a world in which there is no salvation, the death-seeker and death-conquerer.

It is hard to take this sort of thing seriously unless one has read it; not only that, it is hard to take it seriously before and after reading. During the reading, however, it is quite another matter. To give oneself wholeheartedly to this poem is an intensely exhausting experience. One is not in any time or place that ever existed or ever will; one is in a world that is created and governed by Man. I'm grateful for the experience but I'm glad I have God to thank for a better world.

Am I taking an eccentric poem too seriously? I think not. The relevance of Kazantzakis' poem for those who share a common earth and world is that it is a poetic summing-up of one kind of humanism. In a long introductory essay, Kimon Friar traces Kazantzakis' intellectual lineage. It is, primarily, that of Nietzsche and of Bergson, the Bergson, I believe, of *Creative Evolution,* not of the *Two Sources.* Man is a part of Nature which is purposeless, though man, fully to realize himself, must live purposefully. And yet, in the midst of his activity, man must also become aware that all his aims are ultimately fruitless.

There is nothing new in this conception but a full poetic rendering is unusual. I said this was but one kind of humanism. It is opposed to another and more popular brand—a humanism that accepts man's utter mortality and the absence of a transcendent God even more readily than Kazantzakis but, unlike him, considers man's universe to begin and end and have its whole meaning in the realm of the social.

A literary critic should be wary of philosophy. No doubt. And yet a work such as this should awaken Christians to the distance which lies between them and such humanists.

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